The Family

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

By Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

'Twas the Master himself who said it
To the sorrowful little band,
Facing an hour of darkness
That they could not understand.
The light of their lives was fading,
Their eyes with tears were dim,
The rugged men were shaken
At the thought of losing him.

"Let not your heart be troubled."
Never was voice so sweet.
Never was look more kingly,
Nor assurance more complete.
"Let not your heart be troubled;
Ye believe in God Most High,
And one with God the Father,
Equal with him am I."

"Let not your heart be troubled
In the day of an utter loss."
It was Christ himself who said it,
Before him the scourge and the cross.
It was Christ himself who said it
To the loved he called his own,
Before him the resurrection
And the seat on the Father's throne.

"Let not your heart be troubled."
Shall we take that comfort now?
Why should we walk in darkness?
Why furrow with pain the brow?
Why should the little trials
Loom large on the common road?
Why should we tremble and falter
At the weight of the daily load?

"Let not your heart be troubled
'Twixt the darkness and the dawn,
From the bitter cup of anguish
Are draughts of sweetness drawn.
Let not your heart be troubled,
Though ye stand by an open grave,
In the hour of deep bereavement
Be confident and brave."

"Let not your heart be troubled
At the thought of the vast unknown.
Through the door at the end of the journey
Ye shall not go alone.
For he who died to save you
Will come again at the last,
And he will stay beside you
Till death itself is past."

"Let not your heart be troubled;"
The earth life is so brief,
And evermore from heaven
The angels bring relief.
Look in the face of the Master,
List to his gentle voice;
Whatever he chooses to send you
Look up, believe and rejoice.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, which is governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?" "Please 'm," answered Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth."

JANE COWAN—A PIONEER.

By Lalla.

Many years ago when Tennesse was in its infancy there lived in the county of Blount a family by the name of Cowan. The wife's name was Jane. They had one child, a girl, and perhaps other children.

The Indians were at war with each other and with the whites.

From Old Town, Ohio, or Old Chillicothe, it is now called, a body of Shawnee Indians came to East Tennesse to war against the whites, and against the Cherokes, Choctaws and other tribes of their own race. These tribes had years before driven the Shawnees from their vast hunting grounds in the South, hence they were continually returning to harass these Indians and the white settlers.

On one of these expeditions the Jane Cowan of this sketch was taken prisoner.

On the morning of the capture Jane was happy in her little cabin home, her daughter was by her side and her husband was busy in the fields.

Before night she was in an awful state, her home was burned, her daughter was lost and her husband had been killed by her side, and scalped. She was a prisoner and forced to travel she knew not where. In her bosom she carried her husband's scalp which had been thrust into her hands by some cruel squaws while it was still dripping with blood. Footsore and weary and well nigh heartbroken the poor captive finally reached Old Town, Chillicothe. Here she was made a slave by the squaws of the Shawnees. She made sugar from the juice of the sugar maple. All night long she was forced to keep the kettles boiling by the cruel squaws. One night she fell asleep. When she awoke the fires were out. She expected the squaws would awake and kill her, so she hastily renewed the fires and was fortunately able to get the kettles boiling before they found it out.

For a number of years Jane led a miserable life. But she had one comfort, the Indian braves did not molest her. She was a very beautiful woman and she tried to keep out of their sight for fear one of them might want her as a wife. Night after night while she watched the boiling kettles and the myriad stars shone down upon her or the glorious moon turned the forests into a fairyland, she sat and communed with the God of her fathers—her own God as well. She could recite and sing many of the Psalms and knew many of the chapters of the New Testament "by heart."

She was of the sturdy Scotch Irish stock. Her will power could not be quelled. She "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

But unknown to her, one of the most learned chiefs of the Shawnee Tribe was falling in love with Jane, and often during the night watches he watched her closely. At first he pitied her, then her beauty enthralled him and her character charmed him and finally he became greatly interested in her God. But for a long, long time he did not make this known. He was a very sombre chief. He knew that his tribe was doomed, for even at that time the Great Six Nations only recognized the Shawnees as a wandering tribe. They had no permanent abiding place among the nations. But he was an interpreter between the Indians and the whites. He could speak English and French and several other Indian languages. Finally there came a time when he could keep silent no longer and one night while Jane was watching the boiling kettles he approached her. She was greatly disturbed but his gentleness soon disarmed her, and when she found that he was interested in the God of whom he had so often heard her speak she at once lost all thought of self as she led him step by step into the light of the Gospel. Thus months, perhaps years, passed by. But one night the Chief Squaw learned of these communings. She hated Jane because she could not make her show fear; for, Jane would not be a menial in spirit though forced to do a menial's work. The Chief Squaw also hated the Sombre Chief because he had spurned her love and she longed for revenge. She knew that Jane shrank from marrying an Indian. She also knew that if the Chief married a white woman he would lose caste with his tribe and would never be allowed to sit in their councils or wear the Royal Dress of his people. She therefore resolved that Jane should be forced into a marriage with him. "Then," she cried, "I will be doubly revenged."

Jane did not know all this, but the Chief did, but he resolved to give up everything if he could win Jane's love. But this he soon found he could not do. When he asked her to be his wife she silently showed him her husband's scalp which she still carried in her bosom. "That is what your people did," she finally said. "If ever I marry again I will marry one of my own race." The Chief bowed and left her. For many nights she was left alone with her boiling kettles and the Chief grew more and more sombre and Jane more and more sad. When they happened to meet through the day they did not speak, but Jane's face said plainer than words: "Have I lost my only friend?" After one of these meetings the Chief went off alone. "I must think of a way to get her back to her people," he said to himself. When he returned he had planned a way and arranged to carry it out.

The plan was this: He meant to steal Jane and with a number of braves and their squaws, take her to a Fort in Canada. He accomplished his end, but through many hardships. They traversed nearly the whole State of Ohio and crossed Lake Erie on ice. This is fact, not fiction.

One cold, cold morning when they were nearing their journeys end a "runner" come in with the word that a party of Shawnees were hot on their trail.

Soon after Jane's disappearance the Chief Matron of the Shawnees, who out-